

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.All business or news letters and telegraphic
despatches must be addressed New York
HERALD.Letters and packages should be properly
sealed.Rejected communications will not be re-
turned.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 131

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

WOODS' MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—
P. M. Afternoon and evening.

ATHENEUM, 233 Broadway.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2 1/2.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and
Houston sts.—AZARIL; OR, THE MAGIC CHARM. Matinee at 2.TUNOY SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near
Broadway.—WITHOUT A HEART.OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston
and Bleecker streets.—HUMPTY DUMPTY. Matinee at 2.WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth
street.—THE SQUIRE'S LAST SHILLING.ROOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth
avenue.—AMY ROBERT.NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broad-
way.—MADAME MORIEL.BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—CONNECTICUT COURT-
SHIP.—CUBA LIBRE.THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 54 Broadway.—DIXIE; OR,
DER GLOVED BROTHEN. Matinee at 2 1/2.GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth
av.—MOSE CRISTO.MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—
MAN AND WIFE.CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—SUMMER NIGHTS' CON-
CERTS.TERRACE GARDEN THEATRE, 5th st. between Lex-
ington and 3d avs.—OPERETTA AND LIGHT COMEDY.TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—
VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.REYNOLDS'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner
3d av.—NIGRO MINSTRELS, &c.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 613 Broadway.—
SCIENCE AND ART.

QUADRUPE SHEET.

New York, Wednesday, May 21, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the
Herald.THE MYSTERY OF THE POLARIS EXPEDITION:
THE STRANGE DEATH OF CAPTAIN
HALL: THE STORY OF THE ICE FLOE.—
LEADING EDITORIAL ARTICLE—EIGHTH
PAGE.ARCTIC DRIFTINGS: THE FAILURE OF THE
HALL EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE NORTH
POLE: THE STRANGE DEATH OF ITS
LEADER: THE DISSECTIONS: THE DIRE
SUFFERINGS OF THE MEN UPON THE ICE
FLOE: THEIR RESCUE AND WELCOMING.—
FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.MAP OF THE HYPERBOREAN REGIONS: THE
VARIOUS EXPLORATIONS MADE—FIFTH
PAGE.MR. O'KELLY'S TRANSFER TO SPAIN: THE MIN-
ISTERIAL CONSULTATION OVER HIS CASE:
A PROMISE OF AN IMPARTIAL TRIAL: OR-
DERS FOR HIS REMOVAL TELEGRAPHED
TO CUBA—NINTH PAGE.IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DISCOVERIES AT
NINEVEH: FINDING OF THE LIBRARY OF
THE ASSYRIAN KING AND OF VALUABLE
FRAGMENTS OF A TABLET: THE HISTORY
OF THE DELUGE TO BE MADE KNOWN—
NINTH PAGE.NEITHER KHIVA NOR THE KHAN CAPTURED
BY THE RUSSIANS: HEAVY SNOW STORMS
DELAY THE PROGRESS OF THE COLUMNS:
NO JUNCTION AS YET BETWEEN THE
CAZAR'S TROOPS—NINTH PAGE.GREAT AGITATION IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL
ASSEMBLY: M. THIERS THREATENED:
THE PERSIAN SHAH ENTHUSIASTICALLY
RECEIVED IN RUSSIA—NINTH PAGE.DARING ATTEMPTS AT CHECK FRAUDS: A
FEW INSTANCES—OBITUARY—TWELFTH
PAGE.SPECIAL ITEMS FROM THE FEDERAL AND
STATE CAPITALS—IMPORTANT TELE-
GRAPHIC ADVICES—NINTH PAGE.NEWS AND RUMORS FROM THE VATICAN:
REASSURANCES OF THE HEALTH OF THE
HOLY FATHER: PRESS SENSATIONS: THE
RECEPTIONS: MISPLACED AMERICAN
MISSIONS IN ROME—FOURTEENTH PAGE.SEEING THE GREAT WEST: FINANCIERS AND
PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON A GRAND
RAILROAD TOUR: WHAT THEY SAW AND
DID—EMIGRATION AFFAIRS—THIRTIETH
PAGE.WHAT CONSTITUTES CITIZENSHIP? THE CASE
OF A SPANISH SUBJECT, WHO DECLARED
INTENTION, DECIDED AGAINST HIM: AN
IMPORTANT CASE: UNION DOWN—ART
NEWS—SEVENTH PAGE.FILLING THE MUNICIPAL OFFICES: THE
MAYOR STILL "RULING THE ROAST": AN
EXCITING DAY—YELLOWSTONE EXPLOR-
ATIONS—BANK SUSPENSION—TENTH PAGE.JACKSON, THE EIGHTH WARD MURDERER,
CAPTURED: ATTEMPTED SUICIDE: A
CONFESSION OF GUILT: AN ASSISTANT
IN THE HELLISH WORK—ANOTHER
BROOKLYN MYSTERY—ELEVENTH PAGE.STIRRING TURF STRUGGLES IN ENGLAND:
BEATING THE FAVORITES AND THE PRO-
FESSIONALS—HORSE NOTES—THE BEL-
MONT STABLES—FOURTEENTH PAGE.BRAZILIAN ADVICES BY MAIL: RAILROADS,
TELEGRAPHS AND TREATIES: A LEGIS-
LATIVE RENCONTRE—THE CRIMINAL
RECORD—THIRTIETH PAGE.ENLARGED REAL ESTATE OPERATIONS: THE
GREAT BRADHURST SALE YESTERDAY:
THE JONES' WOOD SALE—JERSEY CITY
REALTY—THIRTIETH PAGE.TRAIN ADJUDGED INSANE AND ORDERED TO
AN ASYLUM: HIS COUNSEL ENDEAVOR-
ING TO EXTRICATE HIM FROM HIS DI-
LEMMAS: LEGAL SUMMARIES—TENTH PAGE.ON CHANGE: A WALL STREET SPECTACLE:
GOLD LOWER AND GOVERNMENTS AND
ERIE SHARES IN THE ASCENDING SCALE—
ELEVENTH PAGE.AND NOW, AFTER ALL, they have left poor
John Foley out in the cold. Do these
performers hope to console him with the
Deputy Chamberlainship?THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY postponed
the debate on the question of constitutional
privilege and executive power which was to
have taken place at Versailles yesterday. The
conservative element has vindicated its strength
in the legislative body by the election of M.
Louis Buffet to the presidency of the chamber.WE PUBLISH on another page of to-day's
paper an interesting letter from one of our
correspondents in the West, detailing the ex-
cursion of Eastern capitalists across the West-
ern prairies.The Mystery of the Polaris Expedition—
The Strange Death of Captain
Hall—The Story of the Ice Floe.

Among all the saddening stories of Arctic exploration which darken the records of its triumphs none will bear a more painful interest than that which tells the full truth of the death of Captain Hall and the failure of his expedition. Elsewhere the details of the voyage of the Polaris up to her separation from the nineteen souls upon the ice floe will be found, as learned by our correspondent at St. Johns, Newfoundland, from the lips of the survivors themselves. Dark as the long Polar night is the mystery that hangs around the brave-hearted explorer's death in the icy seas. He was a man without the refining culture of the schools; but his powers of observation were acute; his experience wide in the work he had undertaken; his courage and energy inexhaustible; and his enthusiasm in the master passion. He had pushed his vessel further towards the North Pole than any navigator had ever done before, and, as the story now appears, was forced backward with victory almost within his grasp. The Open Polar Sea that was his dream seemed spreading its tumbling waters for eighty or ninety miles beyond the prow of the Polaris. There were not five hundred miles between him and the Pole. If the wreathing mists, warm puffs of wind and heaving waters bore out their promise of an unfrozen ocean still beyond and to the north, he was within three or four days' sail of the northern end of the axis of the earth. Under these circumstances it was that the fears of Buddington, the sailing master, prevailed on Captain Hall to go some thirty-eight miles south and winter. That this untoward opposition to proceeding further north was a weighty disappointment to the gallant explorer we may well believe. The indomitable courage of the man and the heart that he brought to his work can be in no wise better illustrated than by his starting in a dog sledge, with his faithful Esquimaux and one white companion, to further trace out his pathway to the Pole. Once the ship was frozen in for the winter he started. This was on the 10th of October, 1871. He was absent fourteen days and travelled fifty miles north of the ship. Beyond this nothing of interest is known regarding this trip into the waste regions through the Polar night. He returned to his ship in good health and spirits on the 24th of October, and here the interest begins to deepen, until what follows wears the grim frown of tragedy.

At the best, under the most heroic or the most beneficent circumstances, the chill arms of death must come in that desolate *Ultima Thule* with no inviting clasp. The soul shrinks backward from the melancholy thought of dying so far from all that man can love, with aspirations unachieved, with no prospect in the world save a grave amid the eternal snows. The conditions of Hall's death show how terribly even that bleak prospect can be darkened. He drank some coffee and was taken violently sick, vomiting, and lay suffering for four days. The stories of the Esquimaux have a significance here which cannot be overlooked. Suspicious of those who should be the mainstay of his hopes, he asks the Esquimaux if the coffee had sickened them. It had not. Through the broken exclamations of the two men to our correspondent we catch glimpses as of things "seen through a glass darkly." Captain Hall says that there was something bad in his coffee. The word "poison" comes out like a specter from the scarcely coherent phrases of the Esquimaux. One of them tells how the man arose and pored in painful persistency over four medical books, and at last found the word he wanted. He pointed it out and pronounced it; but the strange word has escaped the Esquimaux's memory. Captain Hall grows better and stronger, but relapses soon into what is described as paralysis, suffers exceedingly, becomes delirious, insensible, and at last dies—"went out like the snuff of a candle," says Heron, the steward. Bessel, the doctor, ascribed the death to apoplexy. The absorbing question will be how this case tally with symptoms of the disease. Suspicions, quarrels, open-worded or ominously silent, distrust and dislike among those left after Hall's death, fit in ugly, ghoul-like forms across the narrative. The grave on the shore of Polaris Bay to all its other forbidding surroundings adds the mystery that enshrouds the death of him who lies below. How will it be solved?

In connection with this subject there recurs the opinion pronounced to a *HERALD* reporter a few days since by Dr. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, that Captain Hall had been murdered. It was a bold and startling theory which the Doctor announced. But do the recitals of the survivors look as though it was all fair play that had been used towards the strong man who so strangely died? In his touching confidences with the half savages by his bedside there is a whole volume of doubt that he had been fairly treated. The reticence on the subject of the officers who have survived is another mystery in itself. They are emphatically called upon by every claim that man can make upon his fellow man to throw what light they can on this mystery in the Polar night, coast what it may to whom it may.

Never in human annals has a story, begun in such high hope, carried on with such prom-

ise of a brilliant end, and suffering suddenly a dread eclipse, had so extraordinary a sequel. The sufferings, the bitterness, the privations, the heart-sickness from hope deferred, with tentative human will bearing up manfully against all in that affrighting clinging to life upon the ice floe, have already reached us in skeleton. The imagination of the reader, then, filling in the details of wild and varied emotion, will be found to have fallen far short of the reality as it reaches us now. To the courage, tact, pertinacity and incessant watchfulness of Captain Tyson are doubtless due the preservation of those who with him on that stormy October night were so pitilessly, as it would seem, yet perhaps so mercifully, torn from the fated ship. A shudder runs through the frame at the thought of the terrors of their first night upon the groaning ice, with all human hope shut off save such as might be born of hardy self-reliance. To see the Polaris once again, to hoist a black signal flag and to see the ship disappear behind the land, suggest an age of mingled hope and despair. Prolong this dreary battle for existence over six months; picture the friendly ice broken into fragments by howling storms and washed over by angry waves; think of nineteen souls—men, women and children—living through it all, and you have gained an idea of what humanity can bear and can survive.

From the death of Captain Hall a series of brooding horrors crowds upon the shifting scene. The sufferings of the saved have been terrible, but who can say what has been the lot of those under the command of Captain Buddington, who were left behind, and who doubtless, if living still, believe the party on the ice already lost? The conduct of Buddington to his superior while he was alive, his alleged threats afterwards to others of the crew, his lax discipline, the impression of wilful abandonment which is embedded in the minds of the saved, are bad indications on which to prefigure the salvation of himself or those with him. It is, in Captain Tyson's experience, that to his firmness and tact the preservation of his party is due. The absence of these qualities, the emotions evoked in a *saure qui peut*, and, if the men's belief in the wilful abandonment be well founded, the consciousness of guilt augur badly for his surviving serious danger. Whether something like the curse that followed the Ancient Mariner be upon the ship and those therein we have no desire to speculate, but the Providence that saved these men to tell their fearful, wondrous story may have as great a mercy in store for the human beings upon the ship, that the dim tale of the one death in Polaris Bay may be told in the light of day.

Those who carefully read the report in the *HERALD* to-day will lay it down with a deep regret for the perished hero of the expedition—Captain Charles F. Hall. The high trust reposed in him he proved himself worthy of. Speculation on what "might have been" is fruitless now, but we cannot be wrong in feeling that when his indomitable energy and pure simple-mindedness were gone disaster became a near probability, almost a necessary consequence. The great feat that he did accomplish of bringing his ship so far north as eighty-two degrees six minutes will place his name among the highest of those daring explorers who triumphed or died in the frigid zone. These circumstances make it imperative that his untimely death be made the subject of searching investigation now and when the remainder are reached, if they should have the special good fortune to survive. It will, when all made clear, if ever, be a "strange, eventful history" as ever crossed the seven ages of man.

LOCAL OPTION VETOED.—Governor Dix last night returned the Local Option bill to the Assembly with his reasons for withholding his signature. This bill proposed to allow each community to decide by a vote of the people whether, within their respective bounds, the traffic in liquor should or should not be licensed. It has been urged by those who wish to see the trade wholly stopped or very largely curtailed, and was passed as a temperance measure. It has for several days been known that Governor Dix believed the bill unconstitutional and would probably decline to sign it. His friends were therefore prepared for the message, and assert that they are able to give it a two-thirds vote, making it a law in spite of the veto. They will, no doubt, make a vigorous effort to do so, with what success is not quite certain.

POLITICS IN THE SOUTH.—Southern politics must have assumed a very novel phase when we find such a veteran democrat as Henry A. Wise taking a prominent place among the candidates for Governor of Virginia, backed, as it is asserted, by a republican national administration. There is but little doubt that there is a friendly feeling in Washington towards the venerable Virginian politician, in consequence of the course he took during the late Presidential contest, and it would not be a matter of very great surprise to see him taking the reins of the State government of Virginia again in his hands. This is a good way of establishing reconstruction. It is practically reconstruction without misconception.

PRINCE ALEXANDER JOHN COUZA, the first Prince of the United Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, who was compelled to abdicate in the face of a revolution in 1866, has just died. His demise will attract renewed attention to the question of the East. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, of the imperial house of Germany, now holding the chief executive power which was wielded by Prince Couza previous to his flight from Bucharest.

England's Proposed Checkmate to Russia—
The Agitated Scheme of an Over-
land Railway from London to Cal-
cutta.

Already the Russian invasion of Khiva is having its reactionary effect on the English mind and powerfully stimulating it to produce a checkmate to the czar. In a recent leading editorial the *HERALD* advanced the opinion that the immediate designs of Russia in her present campaign were to make herself mistress of the great Central Asian trade routes, which from time immemorial have been the highways of the caravans crossing from China to the Western World, and at the same time to come within striking distance of Herat, the long-reputed "key to India." The latest information not only corroborates this opinion, but shows that the British statesmen and East Indian capitalists are impressed with its force and are already agitating the splendid project of a grand overland railway from London to Calcutta, passing directly through Herat and enlisting the friendly aid and support of Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia and the British Provinces of India.

There can hardly be a question that this magnificent scheme would prove a financial success, and it is receiving already powerful advocacy and support from able British writers and engineers. It is proposed to connect the great continental railway lines of Europe, which pass through Cologne, Frankfurt, Vienna, Pesth, Belgrade, Adrianople, and now terminate at Constantinople, with the Indian system of railways at Peshawar by a railroad across Asia Minor and Persia. Although the continental lines leading eastward between Calais and Ostend and Constantinople are not quite complete it is said that the Turkish government have recently made arrangements and negotiations to this effect, so that the longest link in the great chain is already provided for. In Asia Minor there is a small and nascent railway system which the Ottoman authorities are strongly disposed to favor and furnish with pecuniary aid, and, indeed, they have already gone so far as to secure the extension of the Smyrna and Cassaba Railroad for fifty miles with a view of extending it to a point three hundred miles further. Turkey is friendly to any effort on the part of England looking towards the checkmating of a Russian advance, and is ripe for opening an iron way for her transit across Asia Minor to the Persian frontier. Persia, also, has not been slow in constructing railroads, and, both for purposes of protection from Muscovite aggression from the vicinity of the Caspian Sea and Khiva, and for the immense commercial advantages that would be acquired, the Shah could have only one mind about the enterprise, and that most friendly and enthusiastic.

The entire railway from Constantinople to Peshawar (which latter place is the western terminus of the very extensive railway system of British India) would be about two thousand five hundred miles long; and, it is computed, the cost of building and stocking it would not exceed thirty million pounds. This is a high figure, but the enormous traffic, both local and transatlantic, would be enormous, and English capitalists think the revenue would pay a very high percentage on its cost. England, Turkey, Persia and India will undoubtedly be willing to make very large concessions and governmental subsidies to secure any company that may be formed to prosecute the undertaking. The construction of the Persian link in this transatlantic line would open up the resources of Asia Minor and that vast Oriental region whose hills, though often dry and sterile, are, nevertheless, "wherever there is the scent of water," covered with flocks and herds, while the valleys are clothed with corn and redolent with roses. Such a line would open up and greatly develop the trade of Persia in silks, shawls, leather, carpets, and the luxurious and unsurpassed fruits of this almost tropic country. It would shorten the time of transit and transportation from London to Calcutta from five hundred and thirty-two hours (as now consumed via Marseilles, Malta, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Bombay Railway) to two hundred and fourteen hours via Vienna, Constantinople, Persia, Herat and Peshawar, the route now proposed.

The immense profits of our Pacific railways, traversing a new country, just entering upon its period of natural and commercial development, prove, beyond doubt, the financial security of such a transatlantic avenue as that proposed between Northwestern India and the "Golden Horn" of the Bosphorus. The distance from New York to the Pacific by the Union and Central Pacific is about three thousand three hundred and eighteen miles, and by the Northern Pacific about two thousand nine hundred and eighty-three miles, while the total line from London or Calais to Calcutta, via Constantinople, would be about six thousand four hundred and nine miles. But, vast as would be the demand for such facilities as the latter would afford in the old countries of the East through which it would pass, its value and significance, in a military and diplomatic point of view, would be greater. Constantinople occupies a geographical position which has always made it, in the eyes of the great Powers of Europe, "the key to the East." A railway such as our Pacific railways, running eastward from the great Turkish emporium, midway between the Black Sea and the Eastern Mediterranean, skirting the Persian border and the northern frontier of Afghanistan, would in a few years develop and people these regions with a living wall of opposition to Russian encroachment from the Caspian basin, Khiva and the Oxus Valley. It would enable England and her Continental allies to interpose an effectual barrier to the czar's long-cherished designs of supremacy in the Black Sea, which met such a bloody and disastrous defeat in the Crimean war. And, what perhaps is of quite as great moment, not only to England, but to all Southeastern Europe and Southwestern Asia, it would cut off the present Russian scheme of seizing the Central Asian ancient highways of commerce and allow the overland China trade to flow westward through the Bosphorus and Mediterranean to Vienna, Paris and London, rather than northward through the Caspian Sea and Volga River to St. Petersburg. The railroad has been found to be one of the mightiest engines of war as well as of peace, and should the long-predicted struggle of Russia, with England and her other antagonists of the Continent ever take place south of the Caspian

the proposed overland railway to India might decide the supreme issue.

The present and prospective wealth and prosperity of our own great transatlantic railways to California and Oregon, as certainly as anything human can be, assure the unity and development of our own country. And all civilized nations of the globe would hail the completion of a transatlantic railway as an event reflecting the highest fame upon its authors and big with the richest benefits and blessings to the world.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Senator Conkling is in Utica.

Gladstone is a good palm singer.

The King and Queen of Belgium are still "doing" London.

Vicomte de Thurey, of France, is at the New York Hotel.

The Prince of Montenegro will be in Vienna on the 24th inst.

Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, is at the Hoffman House.

General Lew Wallace yesterday arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Ex-Congressman Roswell Hart, of Rochester, is at the Gilsey House.

Governor Dix has been nominated for the Presidency by a Western paper.

Mayor A. Manning, of Toronto, Canada, has arrived at the Grand Central Hotel.

Ex-Congressman Thomas H. Canfield, of Vermont, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mr. Hector Varela, the publisher, has been appointed Minister from Guatemala to Paris.

Professors Benjamin Pierce and Mitchell, of the United States Coast Survey, are at the Brevoort Hotel.

Señor Antonio Flores, Minister from Ecuador, has arrived at the Westminster Hotel from Washington.

The Infante Alphonse and his wife, Donna Maria de las Nieves, are near Igualada at the head of 2,000 men.

Rochefort is confined in the Fort St. Nicholas at Marseilles, whence he is soon to go to the Isles Sainte Marguerite.

Justice Ward Hunt, of the United States Supreme Court, yesterday reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel from Utica.

Governor O. A. Hadley, State Treasurer Henry Page and Senator Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Captain G. C. Strahan, late Acting Governor of the Bahamas, who is now at the Clarendon Hotel, will sail for England on Saturday.

Edwin James has become a clerk to a London solicitor named Roberts, with a view to admission to practice as an attorney and solicitor.

Mr. Henry P. Haven, of New London, is at the Glenham Hotel. This gentleman lately failed to find a haven in the office of Governor of Connecticut.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was formerly Minister to Teheran, is to meet the Shah of Persia, on his arrival in England, as the representative of Queen Victoria.

The King of Belgium has been officially notified of the marriage of the Princess Marie, of Sax-Altenburg, to Prince Frederick William Nicholas Albert, of Prussia.

General Sherman will leave Washington to-day for Indianapolis to attend the funeral of General Canby in that city. The remains of General Canby will arrive there to-morrow or next day.

His Excellency John Pope Hennessy, British Colonial Governor of the Bahamas, on the way from London to enter upon his duties at Nassau, N. P., yesterday paid a visit to the *HERALD*. Having been during last year British Governor-in-Chief of the West African colonies, he took a deep interest in the glorious success of Mr. Stanley in securing Dr. Livingstone, in the heart of that dark continent, and wished to pay his respects in person to the source of that enterprise. In the course of a brief visit at his native city of Cork on the voyage hither he was the recipient of a municipal address, complimenting him on his brilliant success in Parliament and as an executive officer. Governor Hennessy will go in a few days to Washington, and about a month hence to Nassau.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Madelain Morel" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The new play, "Madelain Morel," produced last night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, goes further into the exposition of those delicate questions of morals and society which have long been a trouble to a certain class of philosophers than any piece of its kind. We therefore give more space to its counting the plot than is generally necessary. Fourteen years before the play opens old Count Dalberg drove ignominiously from his doors his steward Jacques Morel and the latter's child Madelain, then a girl of but four summers. The cause of this expulsion was the discovery of a supposed defalcation by the steward, who, thus branded as a thief, wandered to Vienna, and, after every experience of ill-fortune, died in a charity hospital, leaving his daughter friendless in the world. This girl, cursed with "the fatal gift of beauty," struggled for years at laborious trades to earn a living, shunning insult and admiration for a time, but at last falling into companionship which led her, at the opening of the play, at eighteen years of age, with a heart full of despondency, a loveliness without blemish and a history over which a veil of mystery was always dropped. Among the most respectable of the people to whom chance had introduced her were several actresses of the principal theatres, one of them, Metrop, being a girl of good heart, the talent, laughing disposition, but strong sense. In the first act of the play these ladies, with several others, are invited to a farewell bachelor supper given by the Baron von Arnim, a young Alcibiades of Vienna who is soon to marry Lotte, the daughter of the late Count Dalberg and who gives his last supper "this side the line." They go to his feast, but find the host in a strange predicament; his future brother-in-law, the young Count Julian of Dalberg, a virtuous country youth, has just arrived in town with the Abbe Valmont, an old ecclesiastic and friend of the family. Not to shock these rural anchorites the ladies are made to pretend themselves persons of quality—the family of Von Reinwald, one of the Baron's chums, and so are introduced to Julian. He instantly falls in love with Perenche (the name borne by Madelain Morel, who was never revealed her right one), believing her to be Reinwald's niece Helene, and fresh from a convent. But he is soon undeceived, for the young girl, unwilling to trifle with what she sees to be an honest affection, tells him enough to plunge him into the profoundest grief, and so leaves him. Julian and the Abbe have come to town to discover, if possible, the fate of Jacques Morel and his little daughter. After old Count Dalberg's death the widowed Countess, who has always doubted the guilt of the steward, employs herself and Julian in reinvestigating the ancient mystery. She soon discovers that Morel has committed no crime, although his books, badly kept, seemed to prove he had, and struck with remorse, both mother and son resolve to find and restore the Morale to honor and happiness again. But, in spite of his discovery, love, pity and a sense of justice conquer every prejudice in the breast of Julian. He resolves to restore Madelain to his mother's anxious arms, and, more, to make a noble reparation for his father's injustice—to marry her.

The aged Countess receives Madelain with joy; so does the fair Lotte, her daughter; and the mother, who gathers from Madelain's broken words some glimpse of her secret history, resolves, in a spirit of Christian charity, to rescue her as a daughter. But when she learns from Julian that he loves the unhappy girl, pride and charity struggle for the mastery. She asks him to marry her, and who will not permit his wife's family to be disgraced by a *maitresse*—particularly since by a marriage Julian will be disinherited under the terms of the will of his father and his mother, with his wife, will take the whole estate. "The world will say I trapped you into this—since at my house you created this creature!" So Von Arnim speaks to Julian. But Julian is resolved, and as a last resource Von Arnim seeks Perenche—threatens, coaxes, argues and menaces her until, the poor girl, afflicted at the consequences of Madelain's discovery, and his love, finds from his presence and his mother's roof and hides herself so effectually that no traces of her can be discovered.

A year elapses after the *Maitresse*'s disappearance. The Countess receives Madelain with joy; so does the fair Lotte, her daughter; and the mother, who gathers from Madelain's broken words some glimpse of her secret history, resolves, in a spirit of Christian charity, to rescue her as a daughter. But when she learns from Julian that he loves the unhappy girl, pride and charity struggle for the mastery. She asks him to marry her, and who will not permit his wife's family to be disgraced by a *maitresse*—particularly since by a marriage Julian will be disinherited under the terms of the will of his father and his mother, with his wife, will take the whole estate. "The world will say I trapped you into this—since at my house you created this creature!" So Von Arnim speaks to Julian. But Julian is resolved, and as a last resource Von Arnim seeks Perenche—threatens, coaxes, argues and menaces her until, the poor girl, afflicted at the consequences of Madelain's discovery, and his love, finds from his presence and his mother's roof and hides herself so effectually that no traces of her can be discovered.

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ance, and Julian, firmly persuaded that she is dead, accedes to his mother's wishes, and is about to marry the fair Metrop, a noble girl, a noble girl, and his childhood's friend. The wedding day arrives and the ceremony takes place at the rural church at Linz; but as the bride party leaves the altar, another ceremony interrupts them—a novice is about to take the veil—a broken-hearted woman, whose dream of happiness has been so short, whose life has been a misery, whose heart is so full of love approaches the altar to become the bride of heaven. It is Madelain Morel. But she is recognized by Julian, and she tells him the story of her life on earth. He calls her Repentance, religion—all are forgotten at the sound of his voice—love asserts its mastery—but she is not to be reconciled with another man, she will live with the unhappy Madelain, awakened from despair to plunge into still deeper misery, sinks under the blow. Death more merciful than humanity, comes to still her troubled heart.

Now all this seems innocent to people who only read the plot of the play, but to the majority of those who see the play the story wears an entirely different aspect. Both offended virtue and offended vice are only too likely to condemn Madelain Morel—virtue because society never forgives a fault in a woman, and vice because it gives tone to society. Accordingly, we may expect offended virtue to cry out in indignation against those who base creatures on the stage. Every expert, on witnessing the performance, deeply as the sad future of Madelain Morel portrayed by Miss Morris is powerful and touching, will be disposed to assent to this verdict. Yet it is, in truth, a true picture of life, not only in Vienna but here in New York, in all the great cities of the world, where it is its bright side. But the subject is one which leads to endless discussion, and the play has other points of view. It is likely to be a success, as it is treated with as much sympathy as in the real world, and even the irreverent are apt to complain that the sacred forms of the Church are invaded by the profane. The play is a masterpiece of itself is a weak one, and burdened by the peculiar opinions we have indicated it depends entirely upon the acting.

The acting last night was of a very high order. Miss Morris displayed in her part a vivid truth and a feeling which, in a higher class of dramatic rendering, would have been conceded to be genuine. After her Mr. Charles Fisher, as the Abbe, showed more even than his usual feeling, good taste and generous culture. The other parts were well sustained. The stage settings were very fine, finer than the anything which precedents have seen, is saying a great deal. We may expect a long run for the piece; for, if nobody else fostered it, the woman suffragists ought to support it, as the strongest argument yet made in their behalf.

Rubinstein's Sixth Recital.

The scene at Steinway Hall yesterday would convince the most sceptical of the high appreciation and esteem in which the New York public hold one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living pianists. For an hour before the recital commenced hundreds of ladies thronged the stairs and jostled at the entrance of the hall, numerous carriages formed up line on Fourteenth street, and by three o'clock there was assembled at Steinway Hall one of the largest audiences ever known there at a matinee. Both balconies as well as the floor were crowded, and, although the programme was of sufficient length to satisfy any reasonable mind, yet there were at times indications of encroachment, which were not responded to, applause being liberally bestowed upon the efforts of the pianist. The concert commenced with three little *nocturnes* by the best pupil of Clementi, the favorite of St. Petersburg for many years, John Field. Rubinstein's interpretation of these delicious waltz of musical poetry was more beautiful than ever. Their very simplicity and delicate grace keep them out of the hands of our pianists, who wish only for effect, and to that end seek the turbulence of Liszt. They were succeeded by five of the most characteristic works of Adolph Henselt, full of that sound, deep feeling, elegant finish and vivid imagination peculiar to this much-neglected composer. They were ushered in by the agitated measures and odd harmonies of "The Storm," to which the lovely "Cradle Song" formed an agreeable foil. The left-hand passages of the latter, as played by Rubinstein, formed a diaphanous drapery over the tender subject. "The Fountain" and "The Rose Tree" followed, the former in their variety, and the latter a popular "If I were a Bird I'd fly to Thee" was an Anacreontic sonnet in music, limned in the most delicate shades of color. After these came a set of three pieces of an unknown composer, a sort of Marsilea, where his genius was entirely at fault. The two works of Thalberg which followed, "The Minor" and "The Major," were not given with the power, finish and brilliancy which the expert pianist would expect. There is a minor of the fantasia, which was a minor of the fantasia, and a major of the fantasia, which was a major of the fantasia, and a minor of the fantasia, which was a minor of the fantasia, and a major of the fantasia, which was a major of the fantasia, and a minor of